

› Bush Killa (Hellraiser Mix)

"I understand that time is running out.."

[Paris]

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with P

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make

Brothers like me fill up with hate

I smell a skunk in the air

Cause your program still ain't fair

So who you wanna blame for "The Hate That Hate Made?"

When P let off and pigs get sprayed

Y'all wanna kill off the black man

But I know your master plan

So we'll see who stop the black guerrilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

[Paris]

Yeah, tolerance is gettin thinner

Cause Iraq never called me "n***a"

So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?

You best believe I got your draft card!

So bad to hate somebody else

But much worse to hate yourself

Victim to the mentacide of the devil why

Must black folk be made to die?

Keepin 'em on and on.. keepin ya on and on

Now my brother down South said, "F**k the Police"

I'm sayin, "No Justice, No Peace"

So I just stick 'em like that

Cause everybody want to get the black, huh

But we'll see who'll stop the black guerilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

"He's been shot!" "The president is dead"

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}

"Oh my God!" "That man shot the president"

"Nobody moves, just stay where you are"

"Just hold it right there.."

[Paris]

Yeah, so where's he at? I might wait

For his motherf**kin a** on a rooftop next tour

Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps

Lay low to the flow and keep it neat

And send his a** home belly up

Should've listened to the facts that the black's been tellin ya

It's no suprise that a brother got wise

Now rat-a-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye

I'm in it, got to die before we see

The motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me

So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still

For P-Dog the Bush Killa, yeah!

{*breakdown*}

[Paris]

Now you know, that I ain't never been a slave to the bottle

All I see on the tube is the punk black role model

The pa**ive girllike she-men

That make and dictate the lives of black men

And sometimes I wanna give up hope

Cause all they wanna do is grow up and work for white folks

Or be a pimp, drug dealer or sports star

It ain't no wonder the blacks don't go far

Now the trick is stay quick to bust sh*t

Got to be equipped so the devil can't flip

And be aware of the government plan to keep

Young black folk walkin in our sleep

F**k the games I still feel the pain

I still feel the shame cause ain't nuttin changed

I CAIN'T fade peace when the war is all around

You better run cause the lost are bein found

Choose your team, square up and take sides

But don't be punked or a skunk when the gat fire

Cause I'm the first one to let the caps go
No more vetoes of negroes
Who run scared full of fear when the devil squawk
Funk is on to the dome the Glock'll talk
And be sure that a devil is peeled
Make way for the motherf**kin Bush Killa, now!
{*laughter*}
"Things change, a majority of the people will decide where and when"
"All males to the bail tomorrow mourning for the late great black man"
"We are all going to respect the law, or pay the consequences"

{*scratching: "Hey!"*}
{"Get your punk devil a** hurt motherf.." -] Ice Cube}

{*dogs barking*}
"Let me draw a bead on his black a** and he's dead!"
{*dogs barking*}
"He's gonna make it." "Let the dogs go." "No I won't do it!"

{*guitar solo for the next couple of minutes*}
{*music eventually fades*}